

7.
THE
MERCHANT OF BRUGES;

OR,
BEGGAR'S BUSH.

WITH
CONSIDERABLE ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

By DOUGLAS KINNAIRD, Esq.

NOW PERFORMING, WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,
AT THE
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1815.

Price Three Shillings.

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here to eulogise, as it would be unjust to
omit my thanks for the warmth of their zeal,
which you have, as well as myself, so often
had opportunity of admiring.

TO THE HONOURABLE

GEORGE LAMBE.

MY DEAR LAMBE,

THE favour with which this play has been received on the stage, is the reason and the apology for its present publication. In affixing my name to it I am chiefly happy in the opportunity it affords me of publicly acknowledging that to your judgment, which first directed my attention to the "Beggar's Bush," am I indebted for much valuable aid in the progress of its alteration. The songs, of which the first three are from your pen, have found too much favour with the public not to be here given to the right author.

I have another pleasing duty to perform, in here confessing the obligation this Play is under to the performers of Drury Lane Theatre,

whose talents it would be as impertinent in me here to eulogise, as it would be ungrateful to omit my thanks for the warmth of their zeal, which you have, as well as myself, so often had opportunities of witnessing and admiring.

I am,

My dear LAMBE,

Your faithful and obliged servant,

DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

ADDRESS.

SPOKEN BY MR. POPE.

WHERE Macedonia's madman, foil'd, withdrew,
Where Rome's triumphant eagles never flew,
Beyond the realms for ancient pride assign'd,
In worlds ambition never hop'd to find,
Far to the setting and the rising day,
Britannia's boundless empire spreads away.
O'er either sphere her standards float display'd,
And art and science spring beneath their shade:
And e'en when time shall rank our vanish'd state
With all the mighty names that once were great;
Still shall the language live, and leave behind
One trophy of the lords of human kind;
Each conquer'd clime retain their yoke, and each
Submit, for ever, to the master-speech:
Our sages still, and still our poets reign
In manly eloquence and lofty strain;
Still to the farthest age, the latest hour,
Your wide dominion last in Shakspeare's power.

Ye, then, whose breast the generous wish inspires,
To leave your *sons* the language of your *sires*;
Leave unimpair'd, the bright inheritance,
The finish'd work, of freedom and of sense:
Think how this living organ of the age
Demands your *care*, demands your *patronage*.
Your *care*, lest all-usurping folly, plac'd
By sister fashion on the throne of taste;

Of native eloquence, the grace and force
 Corrupt, and poison at her purest source.
 Your *patronage*, since wisdom's accent falls
 Lifeless, that echoes but to silent walls :
 In vain Thalia, at her idle helm,
 Rules undisputed in an *empty* realm.
 Whilst we, her servants, unrequited, share
 The thankless toil of *duty* and *despair*.

'Tis all too little, that your critic eye
 Discern our scenic monsters, and decry ;
 Boys, bears, curs, cavalry, may meet your scorn ;
 Yet one thing more remains—let MEN be *borne*.
 Let Punch and Pantomime be brush'd away ;
 Agreed—on this condition—*bear a Play*.
 Ah ! let the Drama's voice, though long repress'd,
 Still find an echo in your patriot breast ;
 Here let that once-lov'd voice be heard, and here
 Awake the genuine smile, the genuine tear.
 Here Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, yet be known ;
 Here moving Massinger, be still your own :
 Rowe's piercing passion, Otway's tender scene
 Again be cherish'd, as they once have been.
 Nor sparkling dialogue, nor pleasing plot,
 With Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, here forgot ;
 Nor Sheridan, himself, deplore the fate
 Of wit unfelt, and nature out of date.

As *your's* the *duty* then, be *your's* the *pride*
 To *patronize* the labours that you *guide* :
 Your judgment only can protect our zeal,
 The PEOPLE, are a BRITON's best appeal.

To J. C. Hobhouse, Esq. author of the Prologue and the Epilogue, I can never omit an opportunity, either public or private, of expressing my obligations and affectionate regard. His talents have assisted me on this occasion with the second song given to Jaculin.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Wolfort	-	-	-	-	-	MR. S. PENLEY	
Gerrard or Clause	-	-	-	-	-	MR. HOLLAND	
Hubert	-	-	-	-	-	MR. RAE	
Goswin or Florez	-	-	-	-	-	MR. KEAN	
Hemskirke	-	-	-	-	-	MR. RAYMOND	
Vandunke	-	-	-	-	-	MR. MUNDEN	
Merchants	}	First	-	-	-	MR. EBRINGTON	
		Second	-	-	-	MR. POWELL	
		Third	-	-	-	MR. COOKE	
		Fourth	-	-	-	MR. EVANS	
Higgin	-	-	-	-	-	MR. OXBERRY	
Prigg	-	-	-	-	-	MR. HARLEY	
Snapp	-	-	-	-	-	MR. HUGHES	
Ferrett	-	-	-	-	-	MR. COVENEY	
Ginkes	-	-	-	-	-	MR. MILLER	
Beggar, (Mute)	-	-	-	-	-	MR. EBSWORTH	
Clown	-	-	-	-	-	MR. PENLEY	
Boors	}	First	-	-	-	-	MR. KENT
		Second	-	-	-	-	MR. MINTON
		Third	-	-	-	-	MR. APPLEBY
		-	-	-	-	-	MR. BUXTON
		-	-	-	-	-	MR. BROWN
		-	-	-	-	-	MR. VIALS
-	-	-	-	-	MR. GOODMAN		
Landlord	-	-	-	-	-	MR. SPARKS	
Sailor	-	-	-	-	-	MR. G. SMITH	
Page to Vandunke	-	-	-	-	-	MR. J. SEYMOUR	
Four Attendants on Wolfort, at the head of the soldiers	}	-	-	-	-	-	MR. MATTHEWS
		-	-	-	-	-	MR. HOPE
		-	-	-	-	-	MR. COOPER
		-	-	-	-	-	MR. G. WILLS

Other Beggars, Soldiers, and all the Gentlemens' Chorus.

Jaculin	-	-	-	-	-	MISS L. KELLY
Bertha	-	-	-	-	-	MRS. HORN
Margaret						

Beggars, MRS. BLAND, *and all the Ladies' Chorus, and Ladies' Dancers.*

DRAMATIS PERSONA

Wolcott	Mr. S. Penley	
Gerrard or Claus	Mr. Hollander	
Hobert	Mr. Harlan	
Goswin or Flores	Mr. Kean	
Hemskirk	Mr. Raymond	
Vandunk	Mr. Menden	
Merchants	First	Mr. Barnington
	Second	Mr. Powell
	Third	Mr. Cooke
	Fourth	Mr. Evans
Illegit	Mr. Oxberry	
Prig	Mr. Harlan	
Snapp	Mr. Hughes	
Fennell	Mr. Coventry	
Canke	Mr. Miller	
Beggar (Male)	Mr. Eastworth	
Clown	Mr. Penley	
Boys	First	Mr. Kent
	Second	Mr. Minton
	Third	Mr. Alcock
	Fourth	Mr. Buxton
Landlord	Mr. Brown	Mr. Vials
	Mr. Goodman	Mr. Sparrow
	Mr. G. Smith	Mr. J. Symonds
	Mr. J. Symonds	Mr. Matthews
Sailor	Mr. Hott	
Page to Vandunk	Mr. Cooper	
Four Attendants on Wolcott at the head of the soldiers	Mr. G. Wiles	
	Other Page, Soldiers, and all the Gentlemen, Chorus	
	Miss I. Kelly	
Bertie	Miss Horn	
Margaret		
Beggar, Mrs. Grand, and all the Ladies, Chorus, and Ladies		
Domestic		

MERCHANT OF BRUGES,

&c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The outside of the Gate of Bruges. Public House on one side of the Stage, with the Sign of the "Right Heir."

HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRETT, and other *Beggars discovered as having been drinking at a Table, Crutches, &c. lying about. Curtain rises, and discovers them singing the following Glee and Chorus.*

Well, brothers, our merry old king is dead ;
What matters ? we'll soon have another instead :
He would not have cried
Had you or I died.

Then mourn him no longer, but merrily sing,
Rest, rest to the bones of our merry old king.

[CHORUS repeats the last two lines.]

Drain the can, brother ;
Fill up another ;
Drink till our eyes with tears shall swell,
Tears of brandy alone ;
And the monarch that's gone
Shall be wept in the liquor he lov'd so well.

[CHORUS repeats the last two lines.]

Hig. Well said, my masters, peace be to his rags.

His was a gold and silver reign ; he, tyrant like,
Did never force away your hens and bacon
When ye had ventur'd for't.

Prigg. And in return
We've lent him Christian burial ; in good sooth,
That's more than follows on your soldier's end.

Fer. The chance was his.

Hig. Ay, marry was't. But mark,
The chance that laid him low did make him
king,

And yet may crown us too.

Prigg. So't be in right
Of our old custom and election—law.

Hig. True, Prigg—'tis fit we do observe
the laws.

Here is the table doth exact from all
A strict obedience, or expulsion. First,
Be perfect in your crutches and your feign'd
hurts,

Then your torn passports ; with the learned
ways

To stammer and be dumb, and blind and
lame.

Prigg. Aye, and shed tears to move com-
passion.

Fer. Are not the halting paces all set down?

Hig. All in the learned language. Bro-
ther——

[*Boors call from behind the scenes.*]

Prigg. Peace!
To your postures.

Enter Three or Four Boors with Pipes.

1 *Boor*. What ho! mine host with the big belly! beer!

Stark English beer! Well met, my merry souls.

What! your trade thrives methinks since Wolfort reigns

O'er prostrate Flanders, in despite of Bruges!
Your state doth grow in numbers,—marry, why?

He now thrives best who hath the least to lose.

Hig. Bless you, masters, we suffer with the times.

2 *Boor*. Come, Landlord! beer!

Enter LANDLORD from the House with a Jug of Beer.

Land. Here's o' the right sort.

1 *Boor*. Then here's to the right heir—the lost Earl Florez.

Where is old Clause?

He gives respect and countenance to beggary;
An' ye make him your king, I'd call myself his subject.

Hig. What old solemnity, our grey-beard bishop? heh?

Prigg. See, here he comes!

Enter CLAUSE.

1 *Boor*. Good morrow, worthy Clause:
How fares it with ye, man?

Clause. Not better than the times
Give token of—but for old Bruges here,
Whose charitable sons still feed our wants—
We had long fled this bleeding land
Where tyrants do make beggars of ye all.

1 *Boor*. There thou say'st well! Our nobles
are no more——
Our cities ruin'd, and the great wealth of
Flanders

Center'd in Bruges!—She alone defends
Her rights and liberty 'gainst Wolfort's power.
Here's to her burgomaster, old Vandunk.

[*Beggars and Boors drink to Vandunk.*

Clause. I will be with you straight; but first
must hence
Awhile into the town. We'll meet anon.

[*Exit into the town.*

Hig. Let's forward then. Our doxies do
repose

Under yon trees. Go some, and call them hither,
And then trudge gaily home to Beggar's Bush.

GLEE.—MEN.

Come, doxies, come. The cheerful day
Is bright, and winds are hush.

[*Enter women.*

WOMEN.

Then take thy staff, and troll the lay,
And trudge to Beggar's Bush.

Our welcome home, a blithe one too,
 The thrush's song shall be;
 And never dwelt a merrier crew
 Beneath the greenwood tree. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Presence Chamber of the EARL of FLANDERS.

Enter HUBERT *disarmed and guarded, met by*
WOLFORT and Train from the opposite Side.

Wolf. What! Hubert stealing from me?
 Who disarm'd him?

'Twas more than I commanded; take your
 sword,

I am best guarded with it in *your* hand,
 I've seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
 On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn
 Unworthily or rudely.

Wolf. Would you leave me
 Without a farewell, Hubert? Fly a friend
 Unwearied in his study to advance you?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
 Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches
 Were by *your* fair reports of him preferr'd?
 Nay, what is more, I've made myself your
 servant
 In making you the master of those secrets,
 Which not the rack of conscience cou'd draw
 from me:

Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my pray'rs
with.

Yet, after these assurances of love,
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake
me!

Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must
Give me a reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will,
If I may do't in private; and you hear it.

Wolf. All leave the room!

[Exit Guards and Courtiers.]

You have your will; now speak,
And use the liberty of our first friendship.

Hub. Friendship! When you prov'd traitor
first, that vanish'd;

Nor do I owe you any thought but hate!

I know my flight hath forfeited my head,

And so I make you first to understand

What a strange monster you have made your-
self.

I welcome it.

Wolf. To me this is strange language.

Hub. To you! Why, what are *you*?

Wolf. Your prince and master,
The Earl of Flanders.

Hub. By a proper title
Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions.

Wolf. And in all this wisdom
Had I not reason? When the protector, Ger-
rard,

Who underhand had by his ministers

Detracted my great actions, made my faith
And loyalty suspected? in which failing,
He sought my life by practice.

Hub. With what forehead
Do you speak this to me? Who, as I know't,
Must and will say, 'tis false.

Wolf. Hah! my guard there.

Hub. You bad me speak, and promis'd you
would hear,
Which I now say *you shall*: not a sound
more,

For I that am contemner of mine *own*,
Am master of *your* life; then here's a sword
Between you and all aids—although you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you
Pass not these untruths on me.

Wolf. How! untruths?

Hub. Aye, and it is favourable language,
They'd been in a mean man lies and foul
ones.

Were not those rumours,
Of being call'd unto your trial, spread
By your own followers? who, being suborn'd,
Came forth and took their oaths they had been
hir'd

By Gerrard to your murder: this once heard,
And easily believ'd, your well-taught slaves
Snatch'd hastily their arms, and barbarously
kill'd

Such as were servants, or thought friends, to
Gerrard,

Vowing the like to him.

Wolf. Will you yet end?

Hub. But he with his son, Florez, (the true heir
By right unto this country from his mother)
Forsook the city, and by secret ways,
As *you* give out and *we* would gladly have't,
Escap'd their fury, though 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the rest. Your cruelties since
So far transcend your *former* bloody ills,
As if compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief—do not stop your ears,
More are behind yet.

Wolf. Repeat them not.

Hub. A prince in nothing, but your princely
lusts
And boundless rapines.

Wolf. Hold! I beseech you.
Thou art to me in this a greater tyrant
Than e'er I was to any.

Hub. I end thus
The general grief. Now to my private wrong,
The loss of Gerrard's daughter, Jaculin,
The hop'd-for partner of my lawful bed,
Your cruelty hath frightened from mine arms.
Think you that I had reason *now* to leave you?
My life is irksome; here *securely* take it,
And do me but this fruit of all your *friendship*,
That I may die by you, and not your hangman.

Wolf. Oh Hubert! these your words and
reasons have
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd
heart,
As from mine eyes these tears! Can you but
think

Where Gerrard is, or your lost love, or Florez,
Whom in his infancy—

Hub. You stole; and *since*
Have kept conceal'd, the better to maintain
The usurpation of his seat.

Wolf. By heav'n
I stole him not, nor know I where he is,
Nor if he lives; soon after my return
From Brabant, whither I was sent to treat
About a future match with our young earl,
He was at that time missing, and remains
Unheard-of to this hour; if you can find him,
I will resign the earldom.

Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.

Wolf. Suspect not you
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow.
Make your own terms, ask for them all con-
ditions
My power can grant, or your suspicion prompt.
Hemskirke, the partner of my secret'st councils,
Shall journey with you to this wish'd discovery.
I have of late receiv'd intelligence,
That some of Gerrard's friends are 'bout Bruges
To be found; which I did then interpret
The cause of that town's standing out against
me.

But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.

Hub. Be constant to your promise, and you
have it.

Wolf. Distrust me not: and 'prosp'rous be
your search. [*Exit Hubert.*

Wolf. Let me but have them once within
 my grasp,
 Their blood shall write the warrant of my
 peace! [*Exit Wolfort.*

SCENE III.

A Street or Square in Bruges.

Enter THREE MERCHANTS.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this
 Goswin.

2 *Mer.* He bears himself with such a con-
 fidence

As if he were the master of the sea,
 And not a wind upon the sailor's compass
 But from one point or other were his factor,
 To bring him in the best commodities
 Merchants e'er ventur'd for.

3 *Mer.* 'Tis strange!

2 *Mer.* Yet does he still continue a *good*
man;

To doubt him, wou'd be held an injury,
 Or rather malice, with the best that traffic;
 Yet this in him deserves the least of wonder
 Compar'd with *other* his peculiar fashions:
 Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower,
 He is a father to her: or soldier
 That in his country's service, from the war
 Hath brought home only scars and want—his
 house

Receives him, and relieves him with that *care*
 As if what he possess'd had been laid up
 For such good uses, and he steward on't.

1 *Mer.* I wou'd not wish a better man to deal
 with.

2 *Mer.* Ne'er doubt it; he's your man. See,
 here he comes!

Enter GOSWIN speaking to a Servant.

Gos. From England said ye—bid him be
 welcome to my house. [*Exit Servant.*

2 *Mer.* Save you, Master Goswin—

Gos. Good day to all!

1 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal of more
 commodities.

Gos. Are you the owner of the ship that last
 night put into the harbour?

1 *Mer.* Both of the ship and lading.

Gos. What's the freight?

3 *Mer.* Rich cloth of gold brought from
 Cambal.

Gos. Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The gunner shall speak you welcome.

Gos. I'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good morrow!

[*Exeunt first and third Merchants.*

2 *Mer.* Have you bethought ye further, sir,
 On what I am to part with?

Gos. I take it at your own rate, your wine
 of Cyprus,
 But for the rest, I cannot save in them.

2 *Mer.* Make me offer of something *near* the
price

That may assure me, you *can* deal for them.

Gos. And if I could

I would not do't with too much loss.

2 *Mer.* 'Tis a rich lading—you know they
are so cheap.

Gos. For which I were your chapman, but
I am

Already out of cash. [*Going.*

2 *Mer.* I'll give you day. [*Following him.*

Gos. Why look you, there is now in prison
And at your suit, a pirate, and past hope
To live a week, if you shou'd prosecute
What you can prove against him ; set him free,
And you shall have your money to a stiver—
And early payment.

2 *Mer.* This is above wonder!
A merchant of your rank, that have at sea
So many bottoms in the danger of
These water thieves, should be a means to
save 'em,

And stay the hand of justice that is ready
To fall on them.

Gos. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this captain
The wrong he did to you, or any man.

But I was lately with him, being assur'd

A braver fellow never put from shore:

I read his letters granted from this state.

Since want of what he could not live without

Compell'd him to the pirate act he did,

I pity his misfortunes ; and to work you

To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price. Save him, the goods are
mine;

If not, seek elsewhere: I'll not deal for them.

2 *Mer.* Well, sir, for *your love*, I will *once*
be led

To change my purpose.

Gos. For your profit rather.

2 *Mer.* I'll presently make means for his dis-
charge. [*Exit second Merchant.*]

Gos. Heaven grant my ships a safe return
before

The day of this great payment, as they are
Expected hourly 'n port; my credit yet
Stands good with all the world.

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. Bless my good master!
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall
Be sent up for you.

Gos. God o' mercy, Clause;
There's something to put thee in mind *hereafter*
To think of me.

Ger. May he that gave it you,
Reward you for it with increase, good master!

Gos. I thrive the better for thy prayers.

Ger. I hope so;
For that I have fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your bless'd charity warm'd
me:

And yet, good master, pardon that I'm bold
To make one suit more to you.

Gos. What is't? say on.

Ger. 'Tis not for money,
Nor clothes, good master, but your good word
for me.

Gos. That thou shalt have, Clause; for I
think thee honest.

Ger. To-morrow, then, dear master, take the
trouble

Of walking early unto Beggar's Bush;
And, as you see me, among others, brethren
In my affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

Gos. But what will that advantage thee?

Ger. O, much, sir;
'Twill give me the pre-eminence of the rest,
Make me a *king* among 'em.

At your better leisure,
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.

Gos. 'Troth, thou mak'st me wonder!
Have you a king and commonwealth among
you?

Ger. We have. And there *are* states are
govern'd worse.

Gos. Ambition among beggars!

Ger. Many *great* ones
Do part with half their states to have the place,
To cringe and beg in the first file, master.—
Shall I be so bound unto your furtherance
In my petition?

Gos. That thou shalt not miss of,

Nor any worldly care make me forget it.

I will be early there. *[Exit Goswin.]*

Ger. Heaven guard my master! as it surely
will,

To wrest the bloody sword from Welfort's grasp,
And save himself the land he's born to rule:

My friends, ere long, shall see their long-lost
prince ;

And Flanders, to the latest ages show,

A merchant's still the tyrant's deadliest foe.

[Exit.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene discovers HIGGEN, FERRET, PRIGG, JACULIN, SNAPP, CLAUSE, GINKS, and other Beggars.

Hig. COME, princes of the ragged regiment,
You o' the blood; what title e'er you bear,
I speak to all that stand in fair election
For the proud diadem of King of Beggars.
Higgin, your orator doth beseech you
All to stand forth, and put yourselves in rank,
That the first single comer may at view
Make a free choice.

Prigg. First put a sentinel.

Hig. Thanks to my lord. The word's
Fumbumbis. [*Exit Snapp.*

Fer. Well; pray, my masters all, that Ferret
be chosen.

Y'are like to have a merciful mild prince of me.

Prigg. A very tyrant; I—an arrant tyrant,
If e'er I come to reign;—therefore, look to't,
Except you do provide me mum enough,
And beer to booze with. I must have my ca-
pons,

And ducklings in the season, and fat chickens,
Or straight I seize on all your privilege,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false arms,

All shall be escheated ; and then, some one
cold night

I'll watch you, what old barn you go to roost in,
And there I'll smother you all i'th' musty hay.

Hig. Whew !—This is tyrant-like, indeed.

*Enter SNAPP, preceding HUBERT and
HEMSKIRKE in Cloaks.*

Snapp. Fumbumbis.

Prigg. To your postures.—Arm.

Hub. Yonder's the town, I see it.

Hig. Bless your good worships !

Fer. One small piece of money.

Ginkes. Among us all, poor wretches !

Prigg. Blind and lame !

Hig. Pitiful worships !

Snapp. One little stiver.

[Jaculin comes forward.]

Prigg. Here be seven of us.

Hig. Seven, good masters ! O, remember
seven !

Seven blessings 'gainst seven deadly sins !

Prigg. And seven sleepers.

Hems. There's, amongst you all.

Fer. Heaven reward you !

Hig. The prince of pity bless thee !

Hub. Do I see right ? or is't my fancy ?

Sure 'tis her face.—Come hither, pretty maid.

Jac. What would you ? Can you keep a se-
cret ?

You look as though you could.—I'll tell you.

Hush !

SONG. JACULIN.

In ev'ry woodland, dale, and bower,
 The fragrant roses blossom fair;
 But where's the youth should cull each flower,
 To braid a garland for my hair?

Oh, he is far, far away,
 And he knows not where I stray;
 And should he e'er return
 To his love—I'll answer, nay.

My love in fight shall meet his doom,
 Or for some fairer maiden sigh;
 And with the rose's with'ring bloom,
 My hopeless, hopeless heart shall die.

Hub. Her voice, too, says the same; but, for
 my head,
 I would not that her manners were so chang'd.
 Hear me, thou honest fellow; what's this
 maiden,
 That lives amongst you here?

Snapp. Ao, ao, ao, ao!

Hub. How? Nothing but signs? This is
 strange!
 I would fain have it her—but not her thus.

Hig. He is deaf and dumb. [*Stuttering.*

Hub. 'Slid! they did all speak plain enough
 e'en now.

Dost *thou* know this same maid?

Prigg. She was born at the barn, yonder,
 [*Stuttering.*

By Beggar's Bush. Her name is——

[*Clause makes a sign to Higgen to stop
 him.*

Hig. So was her mother's, too.

[*The Beggars retire*

Hub. I must be better informed than by this way.

Here was another face, too, that I mark'd
Of the old man's ; I will come here again.
Protect us, our disguise now—prithee, Hems-
kirke,

If we be taken, how dost thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath so long stood
Out against Welfort ?

Hems. Even to hang us forth
Upon their walls a sunning, to make crows'
meat.

If I were not assur'd o' the burgomaster,
And had a pretty excuse to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.

Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports : good luck, and
enter. [*Exeunt.*

The BEGGARS come forward.

Hig. A peery dog ! I warrant him——

Ginkes. (*To Clause.*) What could his ques-
tions mean ?

Clause. I know not, yet 'twas time to fly—
he grew

Too close in his enquiries 'bout my daughter.

Hig. Hang them for disturbing our
Noble ceremonies. Shall we renew them ?

Prigg. Incontinently, noble brother.

[*A cry without of "a judge."*

Enter GOSWIN from Bruges.

Hig. Oh, here a judge comes!

[*A cry of "a judge."*]

Gos. What ails you, sirs? What means this outcry?

Hig. Master,
A sort of poor souls met, heav'n's tools, good master,

Have had some little variance amongst ourselves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his calling: now 'cause we thought
We ne'er should 'gree upon't ourselves, because
Indeed 'tis hard to say; we all resolved to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your
mastership:

Which does your worship think is he? Sweet master,

Look on us all, and tell us—we are seven of us,
Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.

Gos. I should judge this, the man with the
grey beard; [*Pointing to Clause.*]

And if he be not I would he were.

There's something too amongst you

To keep you all honest. [*Exit Goswin.*]

Enter more BEGGARS with their Doxies.

Clause. Heav'n go with you!

Snapp. What is't?

Prigg. A crown of gold.

Fer. For our new king—good luck!

Prigg. King Clause—I bid God save the
first King Clause!

After this golden token of a crown,
Where's Higgen with his gratulating speech
In all our names?

Fer. Here, he is pumping for't.

Ginkes. H'has cough'd the second time;
'tis but once more,

And then it comes.

Hig. Thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king, and sovereign; monarch o' th'
Maunders;

And who is he that did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em! all will say so,
Nay, swear't. 'Tis sworn so every day;

The times do give it sanction. When t'other day
We sat lamenting o'er our buried prince,

Of famous memory, (rest go with his rags!)

I then presag'd thou shortly would'st be king,
And now thou art so. By that beard, King

Clause,

Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty.

Oh, happy prince, and beard! long may it grow,

And thick, and fair, that who lives under it

May live as safe as under Beggar's Bush,

Of which this is the thing—that but the type.

[*Higgen coughs.*]

Prigg. On, good Higgen!

Hig. No impositions, taxes, grievances,
Lie lurking in this beard; but under him

Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs and
bacon

In his own shade: he will have no purveyors
For pigs, or poultry——

Clause. That we must have, my learned orator;
It is our will; and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.

Hig. Do you hear?
You must hereafter maund in your own pads,
He says.

Clause. Besides, to give good words.

Hig. Do you mark?
To cut bien whids, that is the second law.

Clause. And keep a foot the humble and the
common
Phrase of begging, least men discover us.

[*To Ginks, &c.*

We love not heaps of laws, where few will serve.

All. O gracious Prince! Save, save the good
king Clause!

Hig. A song to crown him.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Cast our caps and cares away,
This is beggars' holiday;
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where so happy prince as he,
Where the nations live so free,
And so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest;
To the field we are not press'd;

Nor will any go to law
 With the beggar for a straw :
 All which happiness he brags,
 He doth owe unto his rags.

[Exeunt through Cut Wood.]

SCENE II.

A Room in VANDUNKE'S House at Bruges.

*Enter VANDUNKE, HUBERT, HEMSKIRKE, and
 MARGARET.*

Vand. Captain, you're welcome, so is this
 your friend,
 Most safely welcome; though our town stand out
 Against your master, you shall find good quar-
 ters—

The truth is we not love him; Margaret,
 some wine,
 Let's talk a little treason if we can,
 Talk treason 'gainst the traitors; by your leave,
 We, here in Bruges, think he does usurp,
 And therefore I am bold.

[Exit, and re-enter Margaret with wine.]

Hub. Sir, your boldness
 Haply becomes your tongue, but not our ears,
 While we are his servants.

Vand. Good—let's drink then,
 That will become us all.
 Here's to you with a heart, my captain's friend,
 With a good heart, and if this make us speak

Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,
Forgotten; drown all memory when we drink.

Hub. 'Tis freely spoken; noble burgomaster,
I'll do you right.

Hems. Nay, sir, mynheer Vandunke
Is a true statesman.

Vand. Fill my captain's cup; oh, that your
cut-throat

Master, Wolfort, had been an honest man!

Hub. Sir?

Vand. Under the rose—

Hems. Here's to you;
And how does my niece?

Almost a woman I think: she was my errand.

Vand. Aye, a kind uncle you are—fill him
his glass—

That in seven years could not find leisure—

Hems. No, 'tis not so much.

Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't.

It was before the Brabander 'gan his war,
For moonshine, i' the water there, his daughter
That ne'er was lost, yet you could not find
time

To see a kinswoman; but she is worth the
seeing, sir.

Now you are come, you ask if she were a woman?
She is a woman, sir—bring her forth, Margaret,
And a fine woman, and has suitors.

Hems. How? What suitors are they?
[*They rise.*

Vand. Bachelors—young Burghers,
And one a gallant, the Prince of merchants
We call him here in Bruges.

Hems. How? a merchant?

I thought, Vandunke, you had understood me better,

And my niece too, so trusted to you by me,
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.

Vand. Such? he is such a such, as were she mine,

I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.

Hems. Sir, you may deal for your own wares,
but know

That the same things, sir, fit not you and me.

[*Exit Hemskirke.*]

Vand. Why give's some wine, then, that will
fit us all;

Here's to you still, my captain's friend, but
still

I say, would Wolfort were an honest man;
Under the rose I speak it. But this merchant
Is a brave boy; he lives so, in the town here,
We know not what to think of him.—
Your master is a traitor for all this,
Under the rose—here's to you—and usurps
The earldom from a better man.

Hub. Aye, marry, sir, where is this man?

Vand. Nay, soft, an' I could tell you

'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand—
I love not Wolfort—sit you still with that.

See here my captain comes, and his fine niece,
And there's my merchant—view him well.

Enter HEMSKIRKE, GERTRUDE, *and* GOSWIN.

Hems. You must
Not only know me for your uncle now—
But obey me,—you—to go cast yourself
Away upon a merchant? fie upon't; one
That makes his trade with oaths and perjuries.

Gos. If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you would speak to
me, sir.

Hems. Sir, I do say she is no merchandise.
Will that suffice you?

Gos. Merchandise! good sir,
Though you be kinsman to her, take no leave
thence

To use me with contempt—I ever thought
Your niece above all price.

Hems. And do so still;
Dost hear! her rate's at more than you are
worth.

Gos. You do not know what is a gentleman's
worth;
Nor can you value him.

Hub. Well said, merchant.

Vand. Nay, let him alone.

Hems. A gentleman?
What o'the woolpack, or the sugar-chest,
Or list of velvet? Which is't, pound or yard,
You vend your gentry by?

Hub. Oh, Hemskirke, fie!

Vand. Come, do not mind 'em : drink, he is
no Wolfort,
Captain, I advise you.

Hems. If 'twere the blood
Of Charlemaine, as't may for ought I know,
Be some good botcher's issue here in Bruges.

Gos. How?

Hems. Nay, I'm not certain on't ; of this I
am :

If you once buy and sell, your gentry's gone.

Gos. Ha, ha, ha !

Hems. You're angry, though you laugh.

Gos. Now do I smile in pity and contempt
Of your poor argument : do not you, the lords
Of land, if you be any, sell the grass,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese ?

Vand. And butter ?

Remember butter, do not leave out butter.

Gos. The beefs and muttons that your
grounds are stor'd with,
Beside the woods ? Your empty honour, fetch'd
From the heralds A. B. C. and said o'er
With your court faces once an hour, shall ne'er
Make me mistake myself—Do not your lawyers,
Sell all their practice, as your priests their
prayers ?

What is not bought and sold ?

Hems. You now grow bold, sir.

Gos. I have been bred
Still with my honest freedom, and must use it.

Hems. Upon your equals then.

Gos. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.

Hems. No more!

Gos. Yes, sir—this little——

'Tshall be aside—then after as you please.

You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love

More than mine eyes; and I have heard your
scorn

With so much scoffing, and with so much shame,
As each striv'd which is greater: but believe
me,

I suck'd not in this patience with my milk;

Cast no despites on my profession

For the civility and tameness of it.

A good man bears a contumely worse

Than he would do an injury.

I would approach your kinswoman

With all respect due to yourself and her.

Hems. Away, companion—handling her.

[Pulls him from her.]

Gos. Nay, I do love no blows, sir.

*[They fight; he gets Hemskirke's sword,
and throws it off the stage.]*

Hub. Hold, sir!

Gert. Help, my Goswin!

Vand. Let 'em alone—my life for one.

Gos. Nay, come,

If you have will.

Hub. None to offend you, sir.

Gos. He that had, thank himself—Not hand
her? yes, sir,

And clasp her, and embrace her, and bear her
Through a whole race of uncles, arm'd;

And all their nephews, though they stood a
wood

Of pikes, and wall of cannon.—Kiss me, Gertrude ;

Quake not, but kiss me.

Vand. Well said,
My merchant royal, fear no uncles ; hang 'em,
Hang up all uncles.

Gos. In this circle, love,
Thou art as safe, as in a tower of brass—
Let such as do wrong fear.

Vand. Aye, that's good.—
Let Wolfort look to that.

Gos. Sir, here she stands,
Your niece and my belov'd ; one of these titles
She must apply to—if unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown or voice, or other art, shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't. Come, my joy,
Say thou art mine, aloud, love—and profess it.

Vand. Do, and I drink to it.

Gos. Prithee say so, love.

Gert. 'Twould take away the honour from
my blushes.

Do not you play the tyrant, sweet ; they speak
it.

Hems. I thank you, niece.

Gos. Sir, thank her for your life,
And fetch your sword within.

[*Exeunt Goswin and Gertrude.*]

Hub. A brave, clear spirit ;
Hemskirke, you were to blame. A civil habit
Oft covers a good man ; and you may meet
In person of a merchant, with a soul

As resolute and free, and always worthy
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you
What meant you so to slight him?

Hems. 'Tis done now—
Ask me no more on't—
I was to blame, and I must suffer, (*aside*) but
yet I'll be reveng'd. [*Exit Hemskirke.*

Hub. I'll to the woods
To find our much-wrong'd banish'd nobles,
And trace the lonely haunt where my lost love,
My Jaculin, laments her alter'd fortunes.
There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my inquiries farther.
How now, brave burgomaster?

Vand. I love not Wolfort, and my name's
Vandunke.

Hub. Come, go sleep within.

Vand. Earl Florez is right heir; and this
same Wolfort—
Under the rose I speak it—

Hub. Very hardly.

Vand. Usurps; and is a rank traitor as ever
breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go:
Do you uphold him?

Hub. No!

Vand. Then hold up me. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Wood.**Enter* GOSWIN.

Gos. No wind blows fair yet! no return of monies!

Letters! nor any thing to hold my hopes up!
Why then 'tis destin'd that I fall! Fall miserably!

My credit I was built on sinking with me.
The raging north wind blows still stubbornly,
And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.
To-morrow with the sun-set, sets my credit:
To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope left me,

I may sink fairly under this day's venture;
And so to-morrow's cross'd, and all its curses.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to;
Now let me fall before my foe i'th' field,
And not at bar before my creditors.
He has kept his word.

Enter HEMSKIRKE.

Now, sir, your sword's tongue only,
Loud as you dare—all other language——

Hems. Well, sir,
You shall not be long troubled—Draw!

Gos. 'Tis done, sir; and now have at ye.
Hems. Now!

Enter BOORS, and attack GOSWIN.

Gos. Betray'd to villains! Slaves, you shall
 buy me dearly!

Enter GERRARD and BEGGARS.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely, boys!
 Down with the gentleman.

Boors. Hold! hold!

Ger. Down with 'em! into the wood and
 swinge 'em!
 Conjure 'em soundly, boys! swinge 'em to jelly!
*[The Beggars beat off Hemskirke and
 Boors.]*

Blessing upon my master! thou art not hurt?

Gos. That heav'n, which sent thee to my aid,
 Still nerv'd my arm.

Ger. And led my wand'ring steps,
 To where conceal'd I heard yon coward knave
 Tutor his ruffian band to thy undoing.

Gos. I thank ye, Clause. Prithee now leave
 me,

For, by my troth, I have nothing left to give thee.

Ger. Indeed I do not ask, sir; only it
 grieves me

To see you look so sad. Now goodness keep you
 From troubles in your mind!

Gos. If I were troubled,

What cou'd thy comfort do? Prythee, Clause,
leave me.

Ger. Why are ye sad?

Gos. Most true I am so;
And such a sadness I have got will sink me!
What wou'd the knowledge do thee good, so
miserable

Thou can'st not help thyself! can'st thou work
miracles?

Ger. You do not know, sir, what I can do.
Tell me your cause of grief; *I must not* leave ye.

Gos. How!—

Ger. By what ye hold most precious, by
heav'n's goodness,
As your fair birth may prosper, good sir, tell me;
My mind believes yet something's in my power
May ease you of this trouble.

Gos. I will tell thee.

For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my credit
Taken up of merchants to supply my traffic—
To-morrow, Clause—to-morrow, which must
come,

In prison thou shalt find me, poor and broken!

Ger. I cannot blame your grief, sir.

Gos. Now, what say'st thou?

Ger. I say you should not shrink; for he
that gave ye,

Can give you more. Are ye, good master, ty'd
Within the compass of a day?

Gos. Ev'n to-morrow.

But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is't not enough that floods and friends for-
sake me?

Ger. Have ye no friends left?

None that have felt your bounty, worth the duty?

Gos. Friendship? thou know'st it not.

Ger. It is a duty, and as a duty, from those
men have felt ye,

Should be return'd again; therefore I'll do't.

Distrust not—but pull up your noble spirit;

For if the fortunes of ten thousand people

Can save ye, rest assur'd. You have forgot, sir,

The good you did—that was the pow'r you gave
me.

You shall now know the king of beggar's trea-
sure;

And let the winds blow as they list, the sea roar,

Yet here in safety you shall find your harbour.

Distrust me not—for if I live, I'll fit ye.

Gos. How fain I would believe thee!

Ger. If I fail, master, believe no man here-
after.

Gos. I will try thee; but He knows, that
knows all.

Ger. Know me to-morrow:

And if I know not how to cure ye—kill me!

So pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master.

[*Exit.*

Gos. Still blow'st thou there? and from all
other parts

Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?

There's a conspiracy of friends and servants,

If not of elements, to ha' me break.

What should I think, unless the seas and sands

Had swallow'd up, or fire devour'd my ships,

I must ha' had some returns.

Enter first MERCHANT.

1 *Mer.* Save you, sir.

Gos. Save you.

1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your ships?

Gos. Not any yet, sir.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange! [*Exit first Merchant.*

Gos. 'Tis true, sir. What a voice was here now!

This was one passing bell; a thousand ravens
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruin!

Enter second MERCHANT.

2 *Mer.* Goswin, good day; these winds are
very constant.

Gos. They are so, sir—to hurt.

2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters
Lately from England, nor from Denmark?

Gos. Neither.

2 *Mer.* This wind brings them.—Nor no news
over lands,
Through Spain, from the Straits?

Gos. Not any.

2 *Mer.* I am sorry, sir. [*Exit second Merch.*

Gos. They talk me down; and, as 'tis said
of vultures,
That scent a field fought, and do smell the
carcasses
By many hundred miles: so do these, my
wrecks,

At greater distances. Then, heaven, thy will
 Come on, and be! For base deceitful fortune
 Shall never say, she's cut my throat in fear:
 I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,
 Methinks, with less than that; that ruins all.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Wood.

Enter HUBERT, as a Huntsman.

Hub. Thus have I stol'n away disguis'd
 from Hemskirke,
 To try these people; for my heart yet tells me
 Some of these beggars are the men I look for.
 Appearing like myself they have no reason
 (Though my intent be fair), but still to avoid me.
 This is the wood they make their hidden home,
 A fit place for concealment; where, till fortune
 Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em.
 They come—I'll couch awhile, and mark my
 time. [*Exit.*

*Enter HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRET, GINKES, and
 the rest, with the BOORS in custody.*

Hig. Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit
 in justice;
 Each man take a cudgel, a good cudgel:

And now attend our sentence. That you are
 rogues,
 And mischievous base rascals — there's the
 point now—
 I take it—is confess'd.

Prigg. Deny it if ye dare, knaves.

Boors. We are rogues, sir.

Hig. To amplify the matter then ; rogues ye
 are—

And cudgell'd ye shall be, ere we leave ye.

Boors. Yes, sir.

Hig. Why did ye this ?

Were you drunk when ye did it ?

Boors. Yes, indeed we were.

Prigg. You shall be beaten sober.

Hig. Was it for want ye undertook it ?

Boors. Yes, sir.

Hig. Ye shall be swing'd abundantly.

Has not the gentleman (pray mark this point,
 Brother Prigg) reliev'd you often ?

Boors. 'Tis most true, sir.

Hig. And, as ye are true rascals,
 Tell me but this : Have ye not been drunk and
 often,
 At his charge ?

Boors. Often, often.

Hig. There's the point then :
 They have cast themselves, brother Prigg.
 Proceed you now—I'm somewhat weary.

Prigg. Can you do these things,
 You most abominable scurvy rascals,
 You turnip-eating rogues ?

Boors. We're truly sorry.

Prigg. To the proof, you knaves; to the
proof, and presently
Give us a sign you feel compunction.
Every man up with his cudgel, and on his
neighbour

Bestow such alms, till we shall say sufficient.

Hig. You know your doom—
One, two, three, and about it.

*[The Boors beat each other off the
Stage.]*

Prigg. That fellow in the blue has true
compunction.

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. Call in the gentleman.
His cause I'll hear myself.

Enter HEMSKIRKE handcuffed.

Prigg. With all due reverence
We do resign, sir.

Ger. Go fetch that paper was found upon him.
But soft—who have we here? *[Exit Ferret.]*

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Good ev'n, my honest friends.

Ger. Good even, good fellow.

Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry
heart,

A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
 Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel,
 boys ;
 That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,
 Force ye the crafty Reynard, climb the quick-
 sets,
 And rouse the lofty stag; and with my bell-horn
 Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall
 mourn him,
 Till in his funeral tears he fall before me.

Ger. Well spoke, my brave fellow.

Hub. (Aside.) Ha! What mak'st thee here?
 Hemkskirke, thou art not right, I fear.

Enter FERRET with a Paper.

Fer. Here is the paper.

Ger. Give it to me. You are sent here, sirrah,
 To discover certain gentlemen; a spy knave—
 And if you find 'em, if not by persuasion,
 To bring 'em back—by poison to dispatch 'em!

Hub. By poison! ha!

Ger. Here is another—Hubert. What is
 that Hubert, sir?

Hub. You may perceive there——

Ger. Here thou art commanded, when that
 Hubert

Has done his best and worthiest service this way,
 To cut his throat; for here he's set down dan-
 gerous.

Hub. This is most impious.

Ger. Is not this true?

Hems. Yes. What are you the better?

Ger. You shall perceive, sir, ere you get
your freedom ;

Keep him still bound—and, friend, we take
thee to us,

Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto us?

Hig. Aye, and obedient too?

Hub. As you had bred me.

Ger. Then take our hand ; thou'rt now a
servant to us.

Welcome him all.

Hig. Stand off, stand off, I'll do't ;

We bid you welcome three ways—first for your
person,

Which is a promising person ; next for your
quality,

Which is a decent and a gentle quality ;

Last for the frequent means you have to feed us ;

You can steal, 'tis presum'd ?

Hub. Yes, venison ; an' if you want—

Hig. 'Tis well you understand that, for you
Shall practice it daily ; you can drink too?

Hub. Soundly.

Hig. And ye dare know a woman from a
weathercock ?

Hub. If I handle her.

Ger. As earnest of thy faith and resolution
Wilt thou undertake to keep this rascal pri-
soner?

One who basely contriv'd to undermine

A noble life, dear to the state and us.

Hub. Sirs, I have kept wild dogs, and beasts
for wonder,

And made 'em tame too. Give into my custody
This roaring rascal, I shall hamper him,
O! he smells rank o' th' rascal.

Ger. Take him to thee—but if he 'scape—

Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him.
Come, sir, I'll tie you to the leash.

Hems. Away, rascal!

Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge ye
soundly,
And ye play tricks with me.

Ger. So, now away,
But ever have an eye, sir, to your prisoner.

Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he
get from me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in GERTRUDE'S House.

Enter GOSWIN and GERTRUDE.

Gert. Indeed you're welcome—I have heard
your 'scape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves
you,
To bid you welcome—what is't makes you sad?
Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
Beshrew my heart not willingly.

Gos. No, Gertrude.

Gert. Is't the delay of that you long have
look'd for,
A happy marriage?

Gos. No news yet.

Gert. Do you hear, sir?

Gos. Have I liv'd
In all the happiness that fortune could seat
me?

In all men's fair opinions?

Gert. Do you love me?

Gos. And can the devil
In one ten days—that devil chance, devour me?

Gert. You do not love me.

Gos. No star prosperous! all at a swoop!

Gert. Goswin, you will not look upon me.

Gos. Can mens' prayers,
Shot up to heaven with such a zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?
Gyves I must wear, and cold must be my
comfort,

Darkness and want of meat—alas! she weeps
too,

Which is the top of all my sorrow—Gertrude!

Gert. No, no, you will not know me.

Gos. The time grows on still,
And like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin
Come rolling over me.

Gert. Tell me but how I have deserv'd your
slighting?

Gos. For a hundred thousand crowns.

Gert. Farewell.

Gos. Of which I have scarce ten—oh! how
it starts me.

Gert. And may the next you love, hearing
my ruin—

Gos. I had forgot myself—oh, my best Ger-
trude!

Crown of my joys and comforts.

Gert. Sweet, what ails ye?
I thought you had been vex'd with me.

Gos. My mind, wench,
My mind, o'erflow'd with sorrow—sunk my
memory.

Gert. Am I not worthy of the knowledge
of it?

And cannot I as well affect your sorrows
As your delights? you love no other woman?

Gos. No, I protest.

Gert. You have no ships lost lately?

Gos. None that I know of.

Gert. I hope you have spilt no blood whose
innocence

May lay this on your conscience.

Gos. Clear, by heaven!

Gert. Why should you be thus then?

Gos. Good Gertrude, ask not.

Even by the love you bear me.

Gert. I am obedient.

Gos. Go in, my fair—I will not be long
from ye—

Nor long I fear me with thee. At my return
Dispose me as you please.

Gert. The good gods guide ye!

[*Exit Gertrude.*

Gos. Now for myself, which is the least I
hope for,
And when that fails, for man's worst fortune,
pity. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Street in Bruges.**Enter GOSWIN, and two Merchants.*

Gos. Why, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more,
 I entreat you
 But seven short days ; I am not running from
 you,
 Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
 All my adventures fail. You've ships abroad
 Endure the beating both of wind and weather,
 I am sure 'twould vex *your* hearts to be pro-
 tested ;
 Ye're all fair merchants.

1 Mer. And must have fair play.
 There is no living here else ; for my part
 I would stay gladly ; but my wants tell me
 I must wrong others in't.

Gos. No mercy in ye ?

2 Mer. 'Tis foolish to depend on others'
 mercy—
 Keep yourself right, sir—you have yet liv'd
 here
 In lord-like prodigality, high and open,
 Now ye find what 'tis.

1 *Mer.* Before your poverty
We were of no mark, of no endeavour.

2 *Mer.* You stood alone; and scarce a sail
at sea
But loaden with *your* goods. Now I hope, sir,
We shall have sea-room.

Gos. Is my misery
Become my scorn too! Have you no mercy,
No part of men left? Are all my bounties
To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?

2 *Mer.* Well, get your monies ready; 'tis
but two hours—
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly.

Gos. But two days—

2 *Mer.* Not an hour, ye know the hazard.

[*Exeunt Merchants.*]

Gos. How soon my light's put out! hard-
hearted Bruges!

Within thy walls may never honest merchant
Venture his *fortune* more.

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. Good fortune, master!

Gos. Thou mistak'st me, Clause,
I am not worth thy blessing.

Ger. Still a sad man!
No belief, gentle master?

Enter FERRET and GINKES, as *Porters.*

Bring it in then,
And now believe your beadsman.

Gos. Is this certain,
Or dost thou work upon my troubled senses?

Ger. 'Tis gold,—'tis there—a hundred thousand crowns.

And, good sweet master, now be merry. Pay
'em,

Pay the poor pelting knaves, that know no
goodness,

And cheer your heart up.

Gos. But, good Clause, tell me
How cam'st thou by this mighty sum? If
wrongfully

I must not take it of thee—'twill undo me!

Ger. Fear not—you have it by as honest
means

As though your father gave it.

Gos. What great security?

Ger. Away with that, sir;

Were ye not more than all the men in Bruges,
And all the money, in my thoughts?

Gos. But, Clause,
I may die presently.

Ger. Then this dies with you.

Pay when you can, good master; I'll no parch-
ments.

Only this charity I entreat you,
Leave me this ring.

Gos. Alas! it is too poor, Clause.

Ger. 'Tis all I ask; and this withal, that
when

I shall deliver't back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor petition.

Gos. There, I confirm it. (*Gives the ring.*)

And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!

[*Exit Goswin.*]

Ger. Away! take up the money,
And follow that young gentleman.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

A Wood.

Enter JACULIN.

Jac. I surely cannot err, what borrow'd dress
Can hide my Hubert from me? How I wish
Yet fear to be resolv'd.—He went this way:
Shall I adventure? Oh! this dread suspense,
How does it load my heart!

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. I've lock'd my youth up close enough
from gadding
In an old tree, and set watch over him.
My schemes are almost ripe—ha, Jaculin!
If through her means I can but make disco-
very.

Come hither, pretty maid. [*Jaculin advances.*]

Jac. No, no; you'll kiss me.

Hub. So I will. [*Kisses her.*]

What's your father's name?

Jac. He's gone to heaven!

Hub. Is it not Gerrard, sweet?

Jac. I'll stay no longer.

My mother's an old woman, and my brother
Was drown'd at sea. [Going

Hub. Stay! Do not fly me thus.

Jac. (*Aside.*) Oh! how my heart melts
within me.

Hub. (*Aside.*) 'Tis certain she!—Pray let
me see your hand, sweet.

Jac. No, no.

Hub. (*Aside.*) Sure, I should know that
ring!

Jac. (*Aside.*) 'Tis certain he. I had forgot
my ring too.

Hub. Do you know me, chuck?

Jac. No, indeed; I never saw ye:
I must be married to-morrow, to a capper.

Hub. (*Aside.*) How fain she would conceal
herself, yet cannot.

My pretty wanderer, will you love me,
And leave that man? I'll wait you through the
vale,

And make you dainty nosegays.

Jac. And where put them?

Hub. Here, in thy bosom, sweet.

Jac. Can you love then?

SONG. JACULIN.

Tho' he is far away,
And over land and sea;
He'll come some happy day,
And prove his truth to me.
And when my love's returning,
My secret known too well;
Thro' all my blushes burning,
Shall want no tongue to tell.

Hub. One word more.

Did you ever know a maid call'd Jaculin?

Jac. Oh, I'm discover'd!

Hub. 'Tis she! Now I'm certain
They're all here. Turn, turn thee, lovely maid,
Thy Hubert speaks to thee.

Jac. Alas! I am forbid! Why thus disguis'd?

Hub. For justice and for thee, love;
Meet me anon, I'll tell thee all my purpose.

Jac. And may I trust thee, Hubert?

Hub. As thine own soul.

Jac. But yet you must not know me. This—
and be constant ever. [*Exit.*

Hub. O, blessed certainty!
Now for my other project.—
To turn the cunning toils were laid for me
To Hemskirke's ruin, and the tyrant's fall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Table covered, and Two Chairs.

*Enter VANDUNKE, speaking to a Servant, who
follows him.*

Van. With officers of justice, said ye? and
Enquir'd for Goswin?—Bid 'em come in.

[*Exit Servant.*

Now will I play upon this envious crew,
That fain would run a royal vessel down.
They're here as bidden to a feast, before their
hour:

I'll whet and disappoint their hungry appetites

Enter the Four MERCHANTS.

2 *Mer.* Good-day, most worthy burgomaster.
Our visit was to the rich merchant, Goswin.

Van. I'm sorry for't.—I fear his strong necessities

Will bring him empty-handed.

You must be merciful.

1 *Mer.* Oh! but he'll come,
He's rich, or from his 'ventures should be so.

2 *Mer.* I only wish
His forwardness to embrace all bargains
Sink him not in the end.

1 *Mer.* (*To Vand.*) Have better hopes;
For my part, I am confident.

Vand. (*Aside.*) Here are a set of smiling
mouth friends.

3 *Mer.* (*To Vand.*) His noble mind, and
ready hand, contend
Which can add *most* to his free courtesies.

Vand. Affable wolves.—

2 *Mer.* It was at his bidding,
I did free from prison a sea robber,
Who yet may live to pay him with his ruin;
What think you of that deed, burgomaster?

Vand. What think! as of a deed of noble
pity—

And if that act did plunge him into ruin,
You may now share its glory, by relieving him;
And holding off your bonds.

2 *Mer.* I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger.

3 *Mer.* For my part, though his bounty have
no eyes,
Yet my necessities compel me to some fore-
sight.—

Vand. Have ye not often profited by this man?
And revell'd at his cost?

2 *Mer.* Sir, we confess—

Vand. Do, that y're all base knaves and
hypocrites—

See, here he comes, to challenge a return
Of kindness from ye.

1 *Mer.* When our bonds are paid.

*Enter GOSWIN with Two Men carrying Bags
of Money.*

Gos. Now, sirs, your bonds—set down those
bags of gold—

Your pardon, that you wait—

2 *Mer.* (*Aside.*) He deals in witchcraft.

1 *Mer.* Nay, sir, if it would do you courtesy.

Gos. None at all, sir. [*The Merchants' bow.*

Vand. There's bending now of backs,
And jutting out of hips.

Gos. Take it, 'tis your's—
There's your ten thousand, sir—
Give in my bills—

Your sixteen—

3 *Mer.* Pray be pleas'd to make further use.

Gos. No.

Vand. That's plump—you're answer'd, I
hope?

4 *Mer.* What I have, sir,

You may command. Pray let me be your servant.

Gos. Put on your hats. I care not for your courtesies;

They're most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

Vand. They are all lies, I'll vouch for 'em ev'ry one—

2 *Mer.* I have a freight of pepper!

Vand. Rot your pepper.

Gos. Shall I trust you again?—There's your ten thousand—

4 *Mer.* Or, if you want fine sugar; 'tis but sending.

Gos. No, I can send to Barbary; those people

That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms.

How now?

Enter SAILOR.

Sailor. Why, health to the noble merchant, The Susan is returned.

Gos. Well?

Sailor. Well, and rich, sir :
And now put in.

Vand. Do you mark that?

Gos. Heav'n, thou hast heard my prayers.
What news o'th' fly-boat?

Sailor. If this wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy.—'Scaped fairly.

Vand. D'ye hear that too?—Knaves.

Gos. How! prithee, sailor?

Sailor. Thus, sir. She had fought
Seven hours together, with six Turkish gallies,
And she fought bravely; but at last was boarded,
And overlaid with strength: when presently
Comes bearing up i'the wind, Captain Vannoke,
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from
prison.

He knew the boat, set in, and fought it bravely;
Beat all the gallies off, sunk three; redeem'd her,
And, as a service to ye, sent her home, sir.

Gos. An honest, noble captain, and a thankful!

Vand. And this is he you would have hang'd,
Ye land pirates.—

Gos. There's for thy news.—Go drink the
merchant's health, sailor.

Sailor. Thank your bounty; and I'll do it
to a doit.

Vand. Aye,—drink till ye drown yourself,
[*Exit Sailor.*

Or you're no Englishman.

Gos. This year, I hope, my friends, I shall
'scape prison,

For all your cares to catch me.

Vand. Come, sir, leave these pitiful knaves,
You must along with me;
Yonder is one who weeps and sobs.

Gos. Alas! how does she?

Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.

Gos. Why soon, sir?

Vand. Why, when you have her in your arms; this night,
My boy, she is thy wife:
I'll cheer thee up with sack,
And when thou'rt joyous, fling thee to thy mistress.

Gos. With all my heart, I take her—
You are paid, I hope? (*to the Merchants.*)

2 Mer. You may please, sir,
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have—goods, monies, are at your service.

Gos. I thank you,
And when I have need of you, I shall forget you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Wood.

Enter HUBERT and HEMSKIRKE.

Hub. You the earl's servant?

Hems. I swear I am near as his own thoughts to him,
Able to do thee service. Release me,
I'll make thee ranger over all the games.

Hub. This may provoke me. Yet to prove a knave too.

Hems. 'Tis to prove honest;—'tis to do good service
For him thou'rt sworn to, huntsman;—for thy prince.

Hub. Then thou shalt see, sir. I will do a service,
That shall deserve indeed.
'Tis not your setting free, for that's mere nothing;
But such a service, if the earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.

Hems. What is't, huntsman?

Hub. Do you know any of these people live here?

Hems. No.

Hub. You are a fool, then. Here be those,
to have 'em,
I know the earl so well, would make him caper.

Hems. Any of the old lords, that rebell'd?

Hub. Peace.—

All.—I know 'em all, and can betray 'em.

Hems. But wilt thou do this service?

Hub. More than that, too.
Here's the right heir!

Hems. What, Florez? Oh, honest,
Honest huntsman!

Hub. Now, how to get them,
There's the matter.

Hems. By force.

Hub. Aye; that must do't.
And, with the person of the earl himself,
Authority and mighty must come on 'em,
Or else in vain. And thus I wou'd have you
do't.

To-morrow night be here, the hour be twelve;
Now for a guide to draw ye on these persons,

The woods being thick, and hard to hit, myself
With some beside, will wait you by th' great
oak.

Hems. Keep but thy faith, and such a shower
of wealth——

Hub. I warrant ye. Miss nothing that I
tell ye.

Away! away! for here come those will hold ye.

[*Exit Hemskirke.*]

Enter GERRARD, HIGGIN, PRIGG, GINKES,
SNAPP, FERRET, and others.

Ger. Now, what's the news in town?

Ginkes. No news, but joy, sir.

Ev'ry man wooing of the noble merchant,
Who sends his hearty commendations to ye.

Fer. Yes; there's this news. This night he's
to be married.

Ger. This night! He must not marry now.

Hub. Good, sir,

By your leave, one word in private, with ye.

Hub. Nay, do not start: I know ye.

Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be Gerrard,
The time invites you to it.

Ger. Challeng'd thus,
I throw aside disguise, and trust your honour.
Sir, I am Gerrard, say, how stand our hopes?

Hub. Fair, if you now pursue 'em. Hems-
kirke I've

Let go, and these my causes I'll tell ye
Privately, and how I have wrought on him,
Gull'd him, and sent him home as a decoy,

To bring Lord Wolfort hither, with his guards,
 To seize (so he'll expect) the banish'd lords ;
 But so my plan succeed, his very guards
 Shall serve to crush the tyranny they rais'd,
 And at my voice shall hail their lawful prince.
 Till I can prove me honest to my friends,
 Look on, and strictly follow these directions.

Snapp. What! does he marry Vandunke's
 pretty daughter?

Prigg. Oh, the puddings, the piping hot
 mince-pies!

Hig. For the leg of a goose now would I
 venture a limb:

I love a fat goose as I love allegiance;
 And plague upon the boors, too well they
 know't,

And therefore starve their poultry.

Prigg. Brother Higgin,
 What think you of a wassail?

Hig. Worthily.

And then I'll make a speech in praise of mer-
 chants.

Prigg. And I'll so roar out songs and glees!

Ger. (*Coming forward.*) 'Tis passing well, I
 both believe and joy in't,

And will be ready. Hear me all.—Keep in
 Till this, your huntsman, call ye forth; then do
 His bidding faithfully. I must awhile
 Forsake ye. On mine anger, no man stir
 hence.

Prigg. Not to the wedding, sir?

Ger. Not any whither.

Hig. The wedding must be seen, sir. We
 want meat, too.

We're horribly out of meat.

Prigg. Shall it be spoken,
 Fat capons shak'd their tails at's, in defiance?

Shall pigs, sir, that the parson's self would
 envy,

And dainty ducks—

Ger. Not a word more.—Obey me!

[*Exit Gerrard.*]

Hig. Why, then, come doleful death, this is
 flat tyranny :

And by this hand—

Hub. What?

Hig. I'll go to sleep upon't.

Hub. No sleep to-night for any that have
 hearts

To hunt with me the savage bloody boar

That wastes the land. I have a scheme, my
 hearts,

Shall by one night of watching win a feast,

Whereat a royal host shall bid you welcome.

[*Exeunt, crying, "Long live our hunts-
 man Hubert."*]

SCENE V.

An Entrance Hall in Bruges.

Enter GOSWIN, with a Paper in his Hand.

Gos. Such earnest bidding—nay, more like
 command,

To meet him here, on th' forfeit of my word,

In this the moment of my nuptial hour!

What this man is I know not, nor for what
 cause

He twice has thrust himself into my dangers.

But sure heav'n's hand is in't. By strange in-
 stinct,

Nature has taught me to behold his wants,
Not as a stranger's.

Enter GERRARD.

My honest, my best friend, I have been careful
To see thy monies——

Clause. Sir, that brought not me.
Do you know this ring again?

Gos. Thou hadst it of me.

Clause. And do you well remember yet the
boon you gave me
Upon the return of this?

Gos. Yes; and I grant it,
Be it what it will. Ask what thou canst, I'll
do it,
Within my power.

Clause. You are not married yet?

Gos. No.

Clause. Faith, I shall ask you that, that will
disturb ye.

Gos. Do;
And if I faint and flinch in't——

Clause. Well said, master;
And yet it grieves me too—and yet it must be.

Gos. Prithee distrust me not.

Clause. You must not marry.
That's part of the power you gave me.

Gos. Not marry, Clause!

Clause. Not if you keep your promise,
And give me power to ask.

Gos. Prithee think better.
I will obey, by heaven!

Clause. I have thought the best, sir.

Gos. Give me thy reason. Dost thou fear
her honesty?

Clause. Chaste as the ice, for any thing I know, sir.

Gos. Must not marry?
Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?

When all the preparation——

Clause. Now, or never.

Gos. Come, 'tis not *that* thou would'st : thou dost but fright me.

Clause. You may break, sir;
But never more in my thoughts appear honest.

Gos. Didst ever see her?

Clause. No.

Gos. She is such a wonder
For beauty and fair virtue, Europe has not.
Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?
But look upon her, then if thy heart relent not
I'll quit her presently. Who waits there?
Bid my fair love come hither.
Prithee be merciful ; take a man's heart,
And look upon her truly : take a friend's heart,
And feel what misery must follow this.

Clause. Take you a noble heart, and keep
your promise.
I forsook all *I* had to make *you* happy.

Enter GERTRUDE.

Can that thing call'd a woman stay your virtue?

Gos. Look, there she is. Now deal with me
as thou wilt.

Didst ever see a fairer?

Gert. What ails my love?

Gos. Didst thou ever,
By the fair light of heav'n, behold a sweeter?

Gert. Sure h'as some strange design in hand,
He starts so.

Clause. She is most goodly.

Gos. Is she a thing then to be lost thus lightly?

Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,
And but to hear her speak—a paradise.

And such a love she bears to me—a chaste love,
And ready now to bless me—the priest too
ready

To say the holy words shall make us happy:

This is a cruelty beyond man's study;

'Twill be her death to do't.

Clause. Let her die then.

Gos. 'Twill kill me too; 'twill murder me.

By heav'n, Clause,
I'll give thee half I have. Come, thou shalt
save me.

Clause. Then you must go with me, I can
stay no longer.

If you be true and noble, in the dark walk
Of aged elms that opens to the plain,
You'll meet me in this hour.

Gos. Hard heart! I'll follow thee.

[*Exit Clause.*

Pray ye go in. I have a weighty business
Concerns my life and state; (make no inquiry,)
This present hour befall'n me. My cloak
there.

Gert. Is this your ceremony? Why is this
stop, sir?

Gos. We must part,
Gertrude, we must!

Gert. Must! What voice enjoins?
What power commands?

Gos. We shall meet again.

Gert. Who is yon man, that rules so absolute
O'er Goswin's will?

Gos. Ask me no more—I can but tell thee
 this, sweet,
 I'm ever thine. Farewell. [*Exit Gertrude.*
 I know not why ;
 But to obey this man to me seems now
 As payment of some great religious debt
 Nature stands bound for. [*Exit Goswin.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Woods.**Enter GERTRUDE and a CLOWN.*

Gert. LEAD, if we're right; thou said'st thou knew'st the way.

Clown. Fear nothing, I do know it: would 'twere homeward.

Gert. Wrought from me by a beggar!—at the time

That most should tie him! 'tis some other love
That hath a more command on his affections,
And he that fetch'd him, a disguised agent,
Not what he personated. Darkness shroud
And cover love's too curious search in me,
For yet suspicion I would not name thee.

Clown. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.

Gert. What then?

Clown. Nay, nothing; do not think I am afraid,

Although perhaps you are.

Gert. I am not. Forward.

Clown. Sure but you are;—give me your hand—fear nothing.

What a fright one on's are in, you or I!

Gert. What ails the fellow?

Clown. Hark, hark, I beseech you.
Do you hear nothing?

Gert. No.

Clown. List! This wood is full of wolves,
Of hogs, and such carnivorous vermin.
Hark! 'tis the howling of a wolf!

Gert. Of the wind, coward.

Clown. Help me to say my prayers; he's
got me now—

I cannot speak: Do I speak, mistress? Tell me.

Gert. A precious guide I've got.

[*One halloos.*

Clown. It thunders now. You hear that,
mistress?

Gert. I hear one halloo.

Clown. 'Tis thunder! thunder! see! a flash
of lightning!

Are you not blasted, mistress?

'T has played the barber with me; I have lost
My beard—I'm shaven, mistress.

Gert. Prithee hold thy peace.

Both love and jealousy have made me bold.

Where my fate leads me, I must go. Hold off!

[*Exit Gertrude.*

Clown. The Lord go with you then, for I
will not.

Enter WOLFORT, HEMSKIRKE, and Soldiers.

Hems. It was the fellow sure, he that should
guide—

The huntsman that did holloa. Who goes there?

Clown. Mistress, I am taken.

Hems. Ah! mistress! Now look forth.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Wolf. What are you, sirrah?

Clown. Truly all is left

Of a poor boor by day, nothing by night ;
 I'm none that will stand out, great sir :
 You might have spar'd your guns and drums,
 You may subdue me with a walking-stick,
 E'en when you please, and hold me with a
 packthread.

Hems. What woman was't you called to ?

Clown. I——none, sir.

Wolf. None ! did not you name a mistress ?

Clown. Yes ; but she's

No woman yet—she should have been this night,
 But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom.

[Soldiers return with Gertrude.]

Hems. 'Tis she !

Gert. Ha ! I am miserably lost !

Hems. This was a noble entrance to your
 fortune,

That being thus upon the point of marriage,
 Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.

Wolf. I begin, Hemskirke, to believe my fate
 Works to my end.

Hems. Yes, sir, and this adds trust
 Unto our guide, who did assure me Florez
 Liv'd in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard did
 In the old beggar's. (*Halloos heard.*) That's
 he again !

Wolf. Good ! go we forth to meet him.

Hems. Here's the oak, my lord. Come, ma-
 dam, you must along with us.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter HUBERT, HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRET,
SNAPP, and GINKES, like Boors.*

Hub. I like your habits well: they're safe;
stand close.

Hig. But what's the action we are for now?
Ha?

Robbing a ripper of his fish?

Prigg. Or taking a poulterer prisoner?

Hig. Without ransom?

Snap. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?

Prigg. Oh, I could drive a regiment
Of geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten leagues with my hat and staff, and not a
hiss

Heard, or a wing of my troop disorder'd.

Hig. Is it a fetching off a buck of clothes?
We are horribly out of linen.

Hub. No such matter.

Hig. Let me alone for any farmer's dog,
If you've a mind to the cheese loft, 'tis but thus,
And he's a silenc'd mastiff during pleasure.

Hub. Would it please you to be silent?

Hig. Mum!

Re-enter WOLFORT, HEMSKIRKE, and Soldiers.

Wolf. Who's there?

Hub. A friend, the huntsman.

Hems. 'Tis he, himself.

Hub. I have kept touch, sir; which is the
earl of these?

Hems. This, my lord's, the friend
Hath undertook the service.

Hub. And I have don't;

I know to pitch my toils, drive in my game,
For Florez, and his father
Gerrard, and Jaculin, young Florez' sister,
I'll have 'em all.

Wolf. We will double
Whatever Hemskirke now hath promis'd thee.

Hub. And I'll deserve it treble. What horse
ha' you?

Wolf. A hundred.

Hub. That's well—ready to take 'em on sur-
prise?

Hems. Yes.

Hub. Divide then
Your force into five squadrons—for there are
So many outlets—of all which passages
We must possess ourselves to round 'em in.
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted whoops and halloos, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Careless of any noise, and be a direction
To other guides, how we approach 'em still.

Wolf. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the
soldier:

Make the division, huntsman—You are my
charge,

My fair one, I'll look to you. [*Exeunt.*

Clown. No one shall need to look to me,
I'll look unto myself. [*Exit Clown.*

Hub. Now, comrades, is the promis'd hour
at hand,

Here, where the roads do meet, now lie con-
ceal'd,

And at the bugle's sound rush forth to aid
Lord Hubert, who then rings the knell
Of Wolfort's power, and hails found Florez,
Prince. [*Exeunt Hubert and guards.*

Enter GERRARD and FLOREZ.

Florez. 'Tis passing strange!

Ger. When we fled from Welfort,
I sent you into England, there plac'd you
With a brave Flander's merchant, call'd rich
Goswin,

Who dying left his name and wealth unto you
As his reputed son. But though I
Should as a subject study you, my Prince,
'Twill not discredit you to call me father.

Florez. Acknowledge you my father!—sir,
I do;

And may impiety, conspiring with
My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a son's duty. [*Kneels.*

Ger. I pray you, rise;
And may those powers that see and love this
in you

Reward you for it; taught by your example,
Having received the rights due to a father,
I tender you th' allegiance of a subject,
Which as my Prince accept of.

Florez. Kneel to me!

May mountains first fall down beneath their
vallies,

And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous.

I am your son, sir, prouder to be so,
Than I shall ever of those specious titles,
Left to me by my mother.

Ger. I do believe it—
By this time, sir, I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your marriage,

For now, as Florez, and a Prince, remember
The fair maid whom you chose to be your
bride—

Being so far beneath you—even your love
Must grant she's not your equal.

Florez. In descent,
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors;
But for her beauty, chastity, and virtues,
A monarch might receive from her, not give,
Though she were his crown's purchase.

Enter HUBERT, HEMSKIRKE, WOLFORT, BERTHA, and four Lords with the torches cautiously.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The father and the son.

Ger. Who's this? Wolfort?

Wolf. Impostor, aye; to charge thee with
thy treason.

In this disguise, that hath so long concealed you,
I must find Gerrard.

And in this merchant's habit, one called
Florez,
Who would be Earl.

Florez. And is, wert thou a subject.

Bertha. Goswin turned Prince!

Oh I am poorer by this greatness
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes!

Florez. Gertrude!

Wolf. Stay, sir—hold, on your life.

Bertha. His life—oh first take mine;
And since I cannot hope to wed him now,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.

Wolf. You know not your own value that
entreat—

Florez. So proud a fiend as Welfort!

Wolf. For so lost a thing as Florez!

Florez. And that be so,

Rather than she should stoop again to thee!
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,
When Welfort is to give it. Oh! my Gertrude!

Wolf. This is no Gertrude, nor no Hemskirke's niece,
Nor Vandunke's daughter:—this is Bertha,
Bertha,

Heiress of Brabant, she that caused the war.

Hems. Whom I did steal to do great Welfort service.

Florez. Insolent villain!

Enter JACULIN.

Wolf. Who is this, huntsman?

Hub. More, more, sir. This is Jaculin, sister to Florez.

Ger. How they triumph in their treachery!

Wolf. Why here's brave game! this was sport royal!

Huntsman, your horn:—first wind me Florez' fall,

Next Gerrard's, then his daughter, Jaculin's.

We'll hang 'em, Hemskirke, on these trees.

Hems. Not here, my lord; 'twill spoil your triumph.

Hub. A public scaffold will shew better sport.

Florez. Wretch! art thou not content thou hast betray'd us,

But mock'st us too?

Ger. False Hubert! this is monstrous!

Wolf. Hubert!

Hems. Who, this?

Ger. Yes ; this is Hubert—false and perjur'd
Hubert!

I hope he has help'd himself unto a tree.

Wolf. The first, the first of any;—and most
glad I have you, sir.

I'll let you go before, but for a train:

Is't you have done this service?

Hub. As your poor huntsman, sir. But now
as Hubert.

The wolf's a foot, let slip. [*Sounds his horn.*]

Enter VANDUNKE, MERCHANTS, HIGGEN,
PRIGG, FERRETT and SNAPP; and Sol-
diers, who seize on WOLFORT and HEMSKIRKE.

Wolf. Betrayed!

Hub. No; but well catch'd: and I the hunts
man.

Vand. How do you, Wolfort? Rascal! good
knave, Wolfort!

I speak it now without the rose: and Hems-
kirke,

Rogue Hemskirke—you that have no niece;
this lady

Was stol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Resigned by me, to the right owner here.

Take her, my prince.

Florez. Can this be possible?

Welcome, my love—my sweet, my beauteous
love!

Ger. And shall we part no more?

Vand. I ha' given you her twice; now keep
her better,

And thank Lord Hubert that compos'd the plot,
And in good Gerrard's name sent for Van-
dunke,

And got me out with my brave boys, to march
Like Cæsar, when he bred his commentaries ;
So I to breed my Chronicle, came forth,
Cæsar Vandunke, and *Veni, Vidi, Vici*.

Hig. Captain Prigg, sir!

Prigg. And Colonel Higgen!

Vand. Peace, rogues!

Give me my bottle—and set down my drums,
I'll sit in judgment on 'em—you stole the lady

Wolf. Well, I can stand, and praise the toil!
that took me,

And laughing in them die! they were brave
snares!

Florez. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst
repent

The wrongs th' hast done, and live!

Wolf. Who! I repent!

And say I am sorry? Yes—'tis the *fool's* lan-
guage,

But not for Wolfort!

Vand. Wolfort, thou art a devil!

And speak'st *his* language. Now, might I have
my longing!

Under this row of trees here would I hang
thee.

Florez. No; let him live
Banish'd from our state. That is thy doom.

Vand. Then hang this worthy captain here,
this Hemskirke,
For profit of th' example.

Florez. No, let him
Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious life,
To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practice from the guiltiest to molest us.
Away with them; (*advancing, &c.*)

[*Exeunt Wolfort guarded.*

Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts,
And to their loves wish joys.

Florez. As to mine own—my gracious sister,
Worthiest brother— [Embracing them.

Vand. Away with them, a noble Prince!
And yet I'd fain some *one* were hang'd.

Ger. Sir, here be friends ask to be look'd
on too,
And thank'd; who though their trade be none
o' th' best,
Have yet used me with courtesy, and been
true

Subjects unto me, while I was their king.

Vand. Your grace command them follow
me to Bruges,
They'll turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker.

Florez. Do you hear, sirs?

Hig. We do—thanks to your grace.

Vand. They shall beat hemp, and be whipp'd
twice a week.

Prigg. Thank your good lordship.

Florez. No, I will take the care on me to
find

Some manly and more profitable course,
To fit them as a part of the republic.
Be it our care to prove unto the world
Our better title o'er usurped favour,
In how much we shall use it for the good,
Ev'n of the meanest subjects in our state.

FINIS.

And to their love
A pair of hands, they have, none of hearts
Dear Sir, you must help to join
Flower. As to him, I have no more to say
Worthiest brother, I have no more to say
And I will leave you to your own
Dear Sir, I have no more to say
on too
And thank'd; who though their hands be none
of the best
Have yet used me with courtesy, and been
true
Subjects unto me, while I was their king
I and your grace command, I have no more to say
They'll turn the wheel for God the very maker
Flower. Do you hear, and
We do—thanks to your grace
And I shall be as good as dead, and be whipp'd
twice a week
Prayer. Thank your royal lordship
I love. No, I will take the care on me to
some manly and more profitable course
To better as a part of the republic
Be it our care to prove unto the world
Our better title or assumed name
To how much we shall use it for the good
And of the most subjects in our state
And I will leave you to your own
And I will leave you to your own

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. HARLEY.

“ MONSTROUS! improbable! a likely thing—

“ This play of your’s—a beggar turn a king!

“ Your moral’s mischievous——

“ A prince so out at elbows!—a court so shabby!

“ Give me the royal fixtures of the abbey,

“ Whose majesty (God bless their wax-work faces!)”

Defies all time, and fears no change of places.

[*Advancing a little, and stretching out his hand.*

Critic, your hand—your loyalty I love—

Come! don’t be shy, excuse a beggar’s glove.—

A beggar turn a king! Well!—where’s the wonder?

If one knocks down, the other must knock *under*.

And monarchs too—when matters were so so—

Turn’d beggars not *a thousand* years ago.

As for your courtiers, tho’ they scorn to shew it,

They’re *out at elbows*—and their tailors know it.

Dame Fortune deals her partners quickly down,

Plays the *short* game, *French* points—and bets a *crown*:

And e’en the winning hand (the jade’s so fickle)

May find his *sceptre* prove a rod in pickle.

No! in these times there’s hardly need of proving,

The word with high and humble is *keep moving*—

And your next neighbour, sir, for aught you know,

[*Advancing towards some one in the Pit.*

Is some *arch-duke* or king incognito.

In truth we monarchs of the pipe and pot,

Fear not to gain due credit for our plot—

Clause and his courtiers, taken in the fact

Of begging here, dread *but your vagrant* act;

And fearful chiefly to provoke the *pity*
 Of any *kind* mendicity Committee ;
 Pray that *your* charity will save us all
 From *work* and *Work-house*—*hemp* and hospital.

[*Retiring towards the back of the Stage.*

Hang all such friends to better our condition,
 We like the sickness more than the physician.
 The devil take their comforts and their cures ;
 We want no *pence* of *theirs*—but *praise* of *your's*.
 We *profit* by our *poverty* and *pain*,
 And only ask for *leave* to *beg* again.

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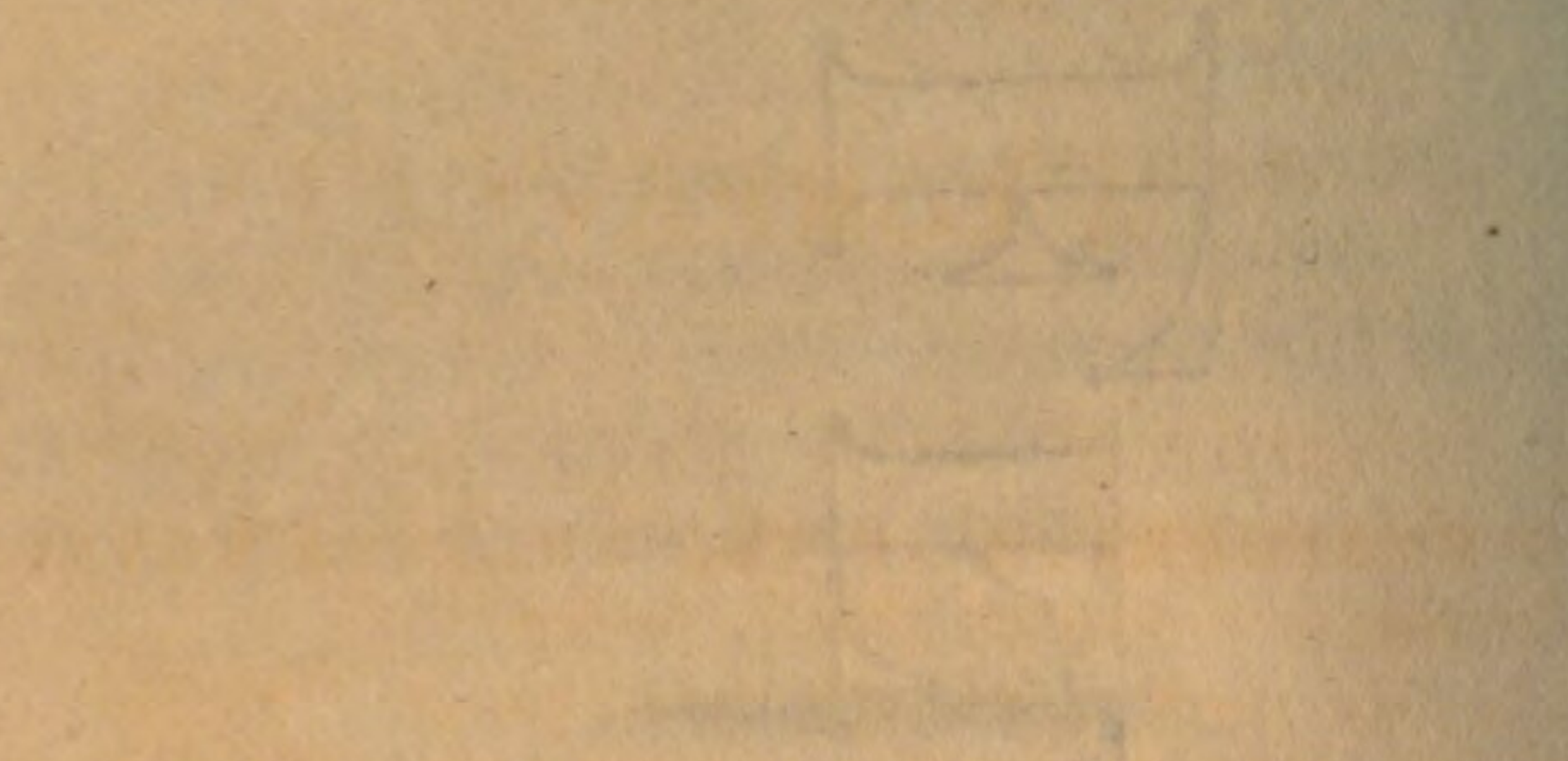
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